No. 24. PAGE 93

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XII.

AFTER considerable discourse upon the story which had been related, and remarks on numerous instances which had been known by most of the passengers, of the treatment of tyrannical husbands to their suffering wives, the Doctor proceeded with his general system. In every state of society, said he, the poorer classes of the people are at times in want of employment, or tools, or stock, or all of them. If these wants were supplied, others would not exist, except in cases of sickness or of negligence. It is the policy of a state to put it out of the power of the healthy and industrious, to say at any time, that they would be glad to work, but they have not the means. This can be accomplished only by public attention, to furnish employment, stock, and tools, for all who want them, and are unable to obtain them without assistance. To this end I would propose, that the basement stories of all the tenements should be calculated to be used occasionally as work shops, or as dwellings. Here a number of the simple manufactures might be carried on, with stock and tools belonging to the society, by men who should want employment. With proper inspection, the product of the labor would always amount to as much, and generally a little more than the wages of the workmen, and the stock they consumed; whereby if a gain ever so small should be produced, it would help the general establishment, while the wages given for the labor would help the poor, who might live at small expense with the assistance of the soup-house, which I before mentioned.—Besides this, I would have wheels, and stock for spinning, always on hand, to supply women and children abroad, with the means of earning a subsistence, when their own resources failed. Their labor should be paid for at established prices, on their returning the stock, manufactured into yarn, which should be made into cloth and sold.

But, said the lady, there would be danger, I should suppose, of their embezzling the stock.

That danger, madam, I should render inconsiderable, by delivering small portions at a time, the amount of which would be so trifling, as not to be an object of any consequence, either to the proprietors if lost, or to the spinners if gained, who would have a strong check upon their honesty, by knowing that a single instance of robbing the stock, would be a future bar to their obtaining more; besides the stigma which would be attached to the act. These would be pretty effectual barriers against pilfering from an article of so small value as a single pound of wool, cotton or flax, which might be a sufficient quantity to deliver at a time, except to those whose probity was known.

I knew such an establishment, said he, which was for some years in operation, and for ought I know, exists still. During the period I knew it, but one solitary instance occured of the loss of stock, which was one pound of cotton; although many hundreds if not thousands were delivered. The poor were very greatly benefited by the experiment, and instead of incurring a loss, the proprietors received from the proceeds of sales about six per cent generally, for the interest of their money. As people are maintained cheaper while industrious, than when idle, and as industry prevents many evils which originate in idleness, the benefits which would result to society from such an establishment, under proper regulations, would be incalculable. Hereby men, women and children would be relieved from that interesting complaint, *I am willing to work, but cannot find employment.*"

But, said the citizen, your plan is so very extensive, that it must require considerable funds, and the society would not probably be willing to tax themselves to the amount of sufficient sums, for carrying into effect such an extensive, though laudable establishment.

To obviate this difficulty, said the Doctor, I would propose that the society tax themselves only in small sums, say one dollar a year, each member; then to raise a competent fund, my scheme is, that they open a perpetual lottery, to be drawn in semi-annual classes, at stated periods, say if you please, at the equinoxes; that the tickets be always at an invariable price, and that this price should not exceed two, or two and a half dollars.—I would also have the highest prize invariable, other prizes and the number of tickets to vary as experience might dictate to be expedient. This might be called the CHARITABLE LOTTERY, and to promote its progress, persons might be admitted to subscribe for tickets within a limited amount; for instance, not less than five nor more than fifty, without paying their money, until after the class should be drawn;—the tickets thus subscribed for to remain in the office, and not to be transferable. By such a convenient establishment, many liberal minded persons would direct the clerk of the office to enter their names as constant subscribers for a given number of tickets in every class, until they should withdraw their subscription.

As the society would not possess this power, and very little of any other kind, without a legal sanction, it would be necessary that they should be incorporated, or very little could be done by them; but *with such sanction* and a moderate share of attention from a few of the members in rotation, A GREAT PART OF THE PUBLIC EVILS WHICH WE NOW SUFFER, MIGHT BE BANISHED FROM THE CITY.

As the stage now entered a town where I was to tarry some days, I left it, but not without sincere regret. The judicious observations of the Doctor, embellished with entertaining and interesting anecdote, had furnished an enjoyment, which is not always to be expected in a public carriage. Upon expressing my unwillingness to relinquish this pleasure, he said that politeness might too highly estimate a desire to please; that it was a *duty*, the performance of which travellers have a right to claim from each other.—That whether making our way through the croud and bustle of business; or in the retired engagements of domestic life; or in the more circumscribed limits of a mail-stage, we were compelled to associate with others; and that the least, which was to be expected from each individual, in either case, was *his* contribution of the general stock of happiness; that the silent, and the growling part of society refuse this contribution; that those who voluntarily pay it, are generally so liberal as to contribute more

than their proportion, to make up the deficiency; and this, said he, has been my endeavor, which must be my apology for monopolizing so great a part of the conversation, This endeavor has promoted my own happiness, and if it has succeeded in adding to that of any of the passengers, my object is attained. We parted with mutual good wishes, and the carriage drove off.

[*Bost. Mag.*]

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

By giving the following a place in the HIVE, you will confer a favor on A YOUNG LADY.

"*When caps among a crowd are thrown,*
Make that, which fits you best, your own!"

THE coquette is the most despicable being in existence; and by far the most discontented. She is devoid of that tender sympathy of soul, which characterises the virtuous female. Capricious as *Cleopatra*; she is equally as insincere in love, and as insidious in its termination. One moment she dotingly attaches herself to the object of her fancy; and the next, hates with downright implacability. Inconstant as the zephyr that fans us in a summer's eve, her mind is ever preparing new shackles, with which to enslave the heart of some listless wight. She is admired by the *macaroni* for her oggling powers; and by the *beau monde* for her captivating grimaces: This is what makes her suppose she is adorable, and adds the most eminent zest to her vanity. Alas, it is deplorable that this passion is almost too prevalent among the ladies of this borough!

It will appear strange that I, who have so lately vindicated my fellow-females (when attacked by the *Bachelor*, and other scribblers) should now turn their accuser. However averse I may be to unveil the faults of others; in this instance my duty prompts me to expose to the world a fault, which, of all others, appears to me the most unpardonable. It is a licentious disregard paid by the ladies to the addresses of honest and reputable mechanics; and the partiality shown to *coxcombs*, or, to give them a more fashionable name, the "*bucks of the day!*" I have myself frequently been witness to the proceedings of some of the young ladies, with respect to this fashionable art of coquetry. *Lawyers*, *doctors*, *merchants*, and *clerks*, are now their hobby-horses; nothing will do that has the name of mechanism. Those very ladies, whose ancestors, from days of yore to the present generation, have been good, honest tradesman; and whose very fathers have reared them by the sweat of their brows, now affect to despise that useful industry, without which the world would be a wilderness, and society a farce!!

Chance, the other day, led me to an introduction with some of those giddy girls; with two of whom I spent the evening—and in whose company I enjoyed but little pleasure. I was so feelingly mortified at their uninteresting and senseless conversation, that I felt happy when the hour of separation arrived. The names of those pleasingly entertaining companions were, Miss *Prate-a-pace*, and Miss *Clodhopper*. I had scarcely entered the room, when the former saluted me with, "La, Miss *Lucy*, I am happy to see you; but you're arrived almost too late. We have just dispensed with two handsome suitors; one of which, had you not delayed, might have been at your service!"—"Very fine beax, indeed," exclaimed Miss Clodhopper, in a contemptuous tone, "naught less than Messrs. *Tympan*, and *Leatherstrap*, both greasy-fisted mechanics, whose company I most cordially beg leave to be excused from keeping!" Why, you surprise me, ladies, I observed—the offer of one of the gentlemen appearing to me very impertinent—I presume those beaux are not so entirely at your disposal as to warrant a transfer! If they were, I should certainly exhibit more affability towards them, than it appears you have done. "Pshaw! Miss," cried they both, "a person would have enough to do, to show sociability to every ordinary fellow who chooses to be trotting after us. We are determined to be polite to those only whom we think more deserving: We mean *gentlemen*, who live in a higher sphere of life. There are Messrs. *Jinglehead*, the lawyer; *Blubberlip*, the clerk; *Snipeshank*, the store-boy; and *Donderpate*, the doctor, who often smile and talk to us, and even sometimes pay us a visit. To those we strenuously endeavor to make ourselves agreeable; for do you see, they know how to estimate our "vavacity of thought," as they term it. They are so superlatively agreeable to us, that time flies, as it were, on golden wings; and blissful pass the moments spent in their company. On earth there is no greater bliss than their cordiality." Here they ended. Oh! thought I,

Rude sounds the clarion, or the trump of fame,
When naught gives merit but an empty name:
When well-earned worth its drooping head must hide,
And reputation stoop to senseless pride!

Amazed, for a time, I remained speechless; but at length my feelings gave vent to the following ejaculatory expressions: Ladies, if so you may be termed, I spurn that scornful passion which seems so fatally predominant with you!—Oh shame! Are you bereft of every tender characteristic?—Is it because those gentlemen are mechanics that you despise them?—Is it because they subsist by their labor, and do not prey upon the vitals of the public, that you desire to shun their company?—Or, is it because they live by their industry, as the most valuable members of society, that they merit contempt? If so, reflect on your own standing in society; remember what your ancestors were, and what your fathers now are; reflect that yourselves were reared by the hand of labor; recollect that merit, industry, and reputation constitute the MAN, and not the empty name of *this* or *that!* and, if modesty has any place in your hearts, you will blush at your prudish demeanor.—They hung their heads, and reddened with self-conviction.—I proceeded: Do you suppose that those young men, because mechanics, possess less politeness, good-breeding, or *etiquette*, than those who live in idleness; perhaps, preying on the hard-earnings of their parents, or voluptuously squandering the shattered remains of a patrimony, acquired by the honest industry and frugality of their forefathers? It is not intrinsic accomplishments you estimate; but it is the splendor of a name, and the gaudiness of external appearance which so miraculously captivates you!—Fye ladies!—never let tinselled ornaments triumph over reason or internal qualifications. Never let the coxcomb occupy a higher ground in your affections, than the decent and industrious tradesman. Do seriously attend to this advice; if not, you will find perhaps, when past remedy, that you in grasping at a substance have caught a shadow!—Here, finding they made no opposition, and being considerably agitated by the fluctuation of my feelings, I retired; but, not without a secret promise, in future to avoid their company.

I have often wondered, my dear Messrs. Printers, what could be the cause of so little sociability prevailing between the sexes in this borough; but I now find that the pernicious practice of coquetry is the greatest and most formidable impediment. If that despicable passion is not soon exterminated, and the unaffected, plain garb of placidity and constancy substituted, they will repine, alas! when too late, at the inevitable consequences of their contemptuous dispositions.

I am, with respect, yours, &c. LUCY.

MORAL.

ON THE TRANSACTIONS OF LIFE.

THE miseries, to which human nature is liable, have often been the subject of contemplation. Viewing the gloomy side of the question, the feelings of a benevolent heart are apt to be exceedingly agitated.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards—he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down—he flourished in health and vigour, but continueth not—his days pass like a shadow and he is gone—he eateth in darkness, and hath much sorrow, and returneth to his original dust, and no further remembrance of him remains."

Death is the law of our nature—the debt which all must pay, and there is no discharge in that war—the works of nature wax old and decay; the loftiest monuments of human art, pyramids, cities, states and empires, have their periods, beyond which they will not endure—all things have a tendency to change; and man among the rest of the creation, when called by Providence, must submit to part with the life which was given him. The

great and the good, the wise and the prudent, the learned and the ignorant, the renowned and the obscure, the prince and the peasant, are all travelling the road which leads to the grave.

No event is more solemn and important, than that which is to close the connections of life. To prepare for this last hour is a momentous object. To be able to meet it with composure and dignity, calmness and fortitude, should be the earnest desire, and engross the principal attention of man.

That we may have a peaceful and happy exit, when we are called to quit this mortal scene, it becomes us to renounce the pursuits and indulgencies of vice and error, and to walk in the paths of virtue which, alone lead to true felicity.

He that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is at least inconsiderate, and knows little of the casualties which man is exposed to; if he had intrinsic worth, he would rather wait until the world had found it, than impatiently proclaim it; it is more true satisfaction for a man to know himself honest, than for all the world to approve him so. Virtue is built upon herself, and we disgrace her work when we go about to seduce the voice of approbation.

Phocian called bragging Laosthenes, the cypress tree, which makes a fair shew, but seldom bears fruit. He that does good for applause only, fails of the right end, since to be truly virtuous, is to be so for virtue's sake. To act well, is as much applause as a good man labors for. When a soldier boasted too much of a scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus if he did not get it when he looked back in flight. To neglect fame is far more noble than to beg it: We do but undervalue goodness, when we seek the uncertain warrant of men.

AMUSING.

[The following production, extracted from an Irish print, will no doubt afford amusement to our readers.]

To the Honorable Commissioners of Excise, the humble Petition of Patrick O'Connor, Blaney O'Brien, and Carney M'Quire, to be appointed Inspectors, and Surveyors, and Overlookers, vulgarly called Excisemen, for the County of Cork, (its own self, my Jewel) in the Kingdom of Ireland.

AND whereas, we, your aforesaid petitioners, will both by night and by day, and all night and all day; and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch, and carry; and we will see all, and more than all, and every thing, and nothing at all, of all such goods and commodities, as may be, and can be, and cannot be, to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, will at all times, and at no time at all, and at times past, be present and absent, and backward and forward, and behind and before, be every where and no where, and here and there and no where at all. And we your aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give information and notice, duly and truly, and honestly and wisely, according to the matter as we know, and don't know, and by the knowledge of ourselves and every one, and no one at all; and we will not cheat the king any more than what is known and at all times lawfully practised.

And whereas, we, your aforesaid petitioners, as we are gentlemen of reputation, and we are Irish Protestants, by Shaint Patrick so we are, and we love the king, and will value him, and we will fight for him, and against him, and run for him and from him, and after him, and behind him, and before him, and at one side of him, and t'other side of him, to serve him or any of his relations and acquaintances, as far and as much farther than lies in our powers, dead or alive, as long as we live, and longer too.

Witness our own several and separate hands in conjunction one after another, one and all three of us both together.

DARBY M'CLOSKEY,
TEAGUE O'REGAN,
BARNEY O'BLANEY,
TOBY O'SHOCKLESLY.

A Case for the Gentlemen of the Law.

Will Webster, of Stamford, sold as good a cup of ale as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was bred a baker, and, as it is common in the country, he also sold bread; and it was as usual for working people to call for a penny loaf, as a penny-worth of ale at his house.

A man one day came for six penny loaves. Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room; and after they had been delivered to him said, "Master Webster take one of your loaves back, I'll have but five, and bring me a penny-worth of ale, *that* will make up the sixpence all the same you know." The ale was brought to him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it, and called for another, and another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six penny-worths of ale;—then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread which he believed would be quite as good for her health: and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid. "*Paid! for what?*" said the fellow. "For my bread," answered the landlord, "Your bread—have not you had it again?"—"Why then pay me for the ale," said the publican, "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant. "That's true," answered Boniface, "yet *somehow* I think I am cheated, but if ever you *bother* me again, call me *cut*, that's all, you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

Law *Query*. Upon what can the landlord bring his action?

READ AND REMEMBER.

I AM a mechanic; but finding it hard for me to support my little family by my acquired profession, I relinquished it and became a grocer. By attention to my business, and frugality in my expenditures, I am now enabled to keep along about even with the world. I obtain a comfortable subsistence by *six-pence* and a *shilling* at a time. And these *six-pences* and *shillings* come from persons whow ould do much better to save their money to provide bread for their hungry and needy children. You may think it rather strange, sir, but nevertheless it is true, that every morning in the week, Sunday's excepted, numbers of persons, some of whom are almost destitute of necessary clothing, flock to my shop after RUM. Notwithstanding I gain my livelihood, by this and other custom, still it affords me pain to reflect, that men, many of whom, were it not for this vile intruder, would be industrious and thriving mechanics, should spend their money and the best part of their time in pursuing a vice which is every moment making inroads upon their very vitals!

Some of the men who visit my shop, I have no doubt, are ashamed of this detestable practice. They wish to embrace the monster, but do not wish to be discovered in the act. These men, therefore, watch their opportunity to slip into my shop undiscovered by any one—and secure their liquor from sight by means of their leather apron or something else. And thus they spend, by *six-pence* and a *shilling* at a time, *dollar* after *dollar*, which would otherwise have been of great service to their families.

[*H. Bal.*] A GROCER.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Colt, superintendant of the canal at Fort Stanwix, being provoked at an Irishman, gave him a sturdy kick. "By St. Patrick," retorted the Hibernian, "If you kick so while you are a Colt, what will you do when you come to be a Horse."

Lancaster, *November* 28, 1804.

MARRIED, on Sunday, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Becker, Mr. *Conrad Doll*, to Miss *Molly Graff*, daughter of Andrew Graff, Esq. all of this borough.

——, on Tuesday, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Becker, Mr. *William Wentz*, to Mrs. *Elizabeth Pry*, both of this borough.

- - - - - - - - - - - - "Hand-in-hand
To church they walk'd, the loveliest pair!"

DIED, on Sunday the 18th inst. Col. *James Mercer*, aged 68 years. The many interesting and excellent qualities which he possessed, rendered him beloved whilst living, and his death sincerely regretted by all his numerous acquaintances.

ERRATA.—In the story of the Fisherman, published in page 91, for "*major-demo*," read "*major-domo*."

POETRY.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

YOU will please give the following MONODY a place in your next number. It was written on the death of a lovely little girl, about two years old, who, traveling with its mother between Durham and York, (England) played with the handle of the coach-door until it unwittingly opened the latch, when, dreadful to relate! the door opened, and the child fell out. The agonizing mother, endeavoring to save, caught at its petticoats; but, failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, and fractured its scull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. A SUBSCRIBER.

O'ER the new mound that warrants this thy grave,
A stranger muse, sweet babe! thy fate shall wail;
Shall add her tribute to the passing gale,
That plaintive whistles, as the yew trees wave;

And whilst the moon-beam plays
Upon the glossy stream,
Or glimmers through the haze,*
Thy artless, fondling ways
Shall be my theme.

Nurs'd in the bosom of parental love,
Ah! well I knew the joy thy smiles would bring;
Joy, such as watchful seraphs must approve,
Joy, which to forfeit, who would be a king!

And when thy little feet,
To nature promptly true,
First ran thy sire to meet,
Oh! how his heart would beat
With rapture at the view.

Oft had thy tender mother, as she prest
Thy supple form in her yet feeble arms,
To soothe thy infant murmurings to rest,
Oft had she quitted her too fond alarms,
And hush'd the fears prevailing in her breast,
By hoping days would come when she would see
Her ev'ry care repaid, by grace bestow'd on thee.

Not such the will of heaven, and who shall dare
Arraign the justice of the power divine?
Man must of evils many a burthen bear!
And, hapless mother! great indeed was thine—

Soon as thy promis'd bliss began to dawn,
Thy hop'd for joy was o'er,
Soon as thy babe begins to lisp and fawn,
It breathes no more!

Methinks I see its sweetly eager eye,
Methinks I see its pretty playful hand,
The one intent some gewgaw to defery;
The other stretch'd that gewgaw † to command:

Around the candle so the insect plays
With wild surprize,
'Till buzzing near the blaze,
'Tis caught and dies.

And oh! sweet babe, methinks I see thee fall,
And almost what thy mother felt, I feel:
Yet no! that cannot be,
She bore and nurtur'd thee—
Thine infant arms did round her neck entwine,
Therefore her sorrows mine would mock'ry call—
But that I anguish know,
Witness this sigh of woe,
Witness these tears that flow,
Witness the ardent prayer I send to heaven for mine.‡

Full oft shall mem'ry paint the fatal scene,
And mournful fancy rest upon the bier;
And many a father's sigh, and mother's tear—
And many a pitying child shall linger here
Each sultry noon,
And lift its hands, and shakes its head,
And bid its comrades softly tread
Upon the beauteous baby's bed
Who dy'd so soon.

* Allusive to the mists that sometimes appear and recede, several times successively, in autumnal evenings, near rivers, or on flat marshy grounds.

† The latch of the coach-door.

‡ The MONODY is written by a mother.

EPIGRAM.

AS two Divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,
At length, a simple structure met their sight,
From whence the *Felon* takes his hempen flight,
When, Sailor-like, he squares accounts with Hope,
His all depending on a single *Rope*—— [you,
'Ah! where, my friend,' cry'd one, 'where now were
'Had yonder Gallows been allow'd its due?'
'Where,' quoth the other, in sarcastic tone;
'Why, where but *riding into town* ALONE?'

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LOVELY BUT UNFORTUNATE

MADAME LAVERGNE,

Wife of the Governor of Fort Longway, in the Department of Moselle.

Taken from M. Du Broca's anecdotes of conspicuous female characters who suffered from the Revolution in France.

THE beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longway, when that town surrendered to the Prussians: but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

The dreadful epocha of the revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of those victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of a prison, and the damps of a dungeon soon produced the most alarming effects on his health: yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a present safeguard, and time and exertion bring the wished for relief! Vain expectation; his name appeared on the list from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was doomed to attend.

Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the committee of general safety. With a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears, she demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason, as much as his strength.

Imagine, Oh! citizens! (said the agonized wife of Lavergne) such an unfortunate being as I have described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon life and death! whilst reason abandons him, can he understand the charges alledged against him? Or can he have power to declare his innocence, whose bodily sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? Will you, Oh! citizens of France, call a man to trial while in a frenzy of delirium? Will you summon him, who perhaps at this moment is expiring on the bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold! And if you unite humanity and justice, can you suffer an *old* man—At these words every eye was directed to Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an aged and infirm husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the committee, from those which she so eloquently endeavored to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest of raillery. One of the members with a scornful smile, assured her, that young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who in the common course of nature had completely lived out his time.—Another of them equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervour with which she pleaded the cause of her husband, was unnatural excess, and therefore the committee could not attend to her petition.

Horror, indignation and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest men, condemned and vilified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, while demanding justice by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from those inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst her heart.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

☞ Several complete files, of volume I. are for sale.—Price TWO DOLLARS.

LANCASTER, (Penn.)
PRINTED BY
M'DOWELL & GREEAR,
AT THE SIGN OF THE "BEE-HIVE," IN EAST KING-STREET.
Where Subscriptions, at Two Dollars per annum, will be thankfully received.